to at least one slave, literally taking off his shackles. The darkies

SEEMED AMAZED to see Lincoln soldiers, of whom they had heard the most frightful stories.

We had little time to contemplate the destruction we had caused, for we were to overtake the main column, and a hard day's march was before us. In fact, we did not bivouae until 3 o'clock the next morning, 10 miles south of Louisville, having traveled nearly 60 miles. What added most to the burden of the day was the crossing of a big swamp, five or six miles in width, caused by the high water in the Big Black. The water in places came up to the horses' sides. The ammunition for the artillery had to be taken from the caissons and carried over on horseback. One of the wheels of a gun-carriage time and without tools. broke down, but a buggy-wheel was substituted in its place.

No one south of the swamp ever dreamed of seeing Yankee soldiers. So the village and neighboring houses for

their expense.

away from the road were

HOSPITABLY ENTERTAINED by the ladies, who thought they were contributing to the comfort of their friends. Just imagine how those sweet smiles must have turned to disgust when they found out they had been giving their choicest dainties to the live Yanks.

A mail-pouch captured from its carrier gave interesting and some important reading. It was interesting to read some of the rebs' own accounts of the Yankees. The description of their domestic condition was sometimes pathetic, as they told how they were managing to get along by their own hands, their slaves all having fled to the Yankee lines. The following are said to have been the closing lines of a letter from a Southern girl:

It's hard for you-uns to live in camps, It's hard for you-uns to fight the Yanks, It's hard for you-uns and we-uns to part, For you-uns know that you've we-uns hearts.

Early this day or on the night previous Co. B of the 7th Ill., with 35 men, was asked to make a demonstration against the Mobile Railroad near Merid- in good earnest, with the results I have

to do it a handful; but Capt. Forbes ed the Pearl River 15 miles below Jackand his men were undaunted. It im- son, then the headquarters of the army plied an extra march of more than 50 in defense of Vicksburg. The ferrymiles added to the long distances the boat was on the opposite shore. main column was making. Taking an balted them, but Co. B

RAISED A FLAG OF TRUCE, and demanded the surrender of the town. They had previously sent some men to cut the telegraph wires to add to the embarrassment of the defenders of the town. Co. B was advised that 2,000 soldiers were near at hand to defend the town.

The Confederates wanted an armistice of two hours to consider-two hours to consider whether 2,000 should surrender to 35. Capt. Forbes reluctantly granted their request, and said that during the cessation of hostilities he would retire to his reserve. They did not suppose that his reserve was nearly 100 miles from him. Capt. Forbes never went to receive the surrender of the place, but made the best of his time to rejoin us; but we had, after waiting for his return 20 hours, and three days having elapsed since his departure, given him up for lost. We began to burn the bridges in was following and worrying us.

Co. B came upon this small force, taking them by surprise, and made all in order to get along.

destroy any more bridges until they had asleep. time to overtake us. Our lost company bridge it would

HAVE CUT THEM OFF FROM US, as there was a long trestle over a bog before reaching the stream itself, of no inconsiderable size.

The column halted, all except the 2d battalion of the 7th. These four companies, my own in the lead, pushed for-Pearl River.

Meantime Co. B overtook the rear of the column, and afterward had "Enterprise" inscribed upon their banner. The Jackson Appeal had an article the next day stating that 1,500 Yankees had demanded the surrender of Enterprise. The 35 men of Co. B had grown to 1,500. Do you wonder, counting in this way, that the South should boast that one Southerner could whip five Yankees?

I must go back a day or two, for important events transpired while Co. B side campaign.

After crossing the long swamp (which was on the day Co. B left the command) we approached the railroad running east from Jackson to Meridian. The command halted an hour or two to feed and rest, and then started at 10 o'clock at night, determined to get possession of the railroad before the citizens were aware of his train. our approach. In this we were

ENTIRELY SUCCESSFUL. The 1st battalion, in advance, secured the possession of the town before the alarm freight-train of 25 cars, was loaded and freight mixed. Four cars were loaded with ammunition and Quarter-

master stores. The first was side-tracked. The soldiers kept out of sight until this was fairly in, and then "covered" the

This was all accomplished by the 1st battalion (the first four companies of the 7th) before the main column had arrived. Imagine our consternation when we in the rear, still some distance from the town, heard a terrible cannonading as if the 1st battalion were being annihilated. Rushing forward to their support we found it was the explosion of shells from the burning cars.

On arriving we were detailed to assist in the destruction of the railroad. A trestle of considerable length first received our attention. It is hard work to destroy a railroad; at least, so we found it when we wanted to do it in a short

The big logs would not burn without other fuel, which was not at hand.

WE SCURRIED THROUGH

the word went along the column that axes, but chopping down trestle railroad we were to assume to the citizens that is hard work, especially to those who Passing a schoolhouse, the children this, we went out again and impressed of a recluse-bachelor-and his spinster sishurrahed for us, and said, "You won't the darkies into the service. Strange as let the Yankees come down here, will it may seem, some of the citizens were you?" Many good jokes we had at fooled, even in the midst of this destruction. One young fellow of whom we "constitutional" regularly after breakfast tion. One young fellow of whom we Small squads going out to houses obtained some axes said he would fight his boots off rather than let the Yankees come down here.

Some troopers proposed to man a train and take an excursion out on the road, but this was not allowed.

There was a military hospital at this Mayhew. place. The inmates, many of whom were convalescent, were sworn not to take up arms until regularly exchanged.

General destruction having been effected, the working parties on the railroad were called in, the guards around the citizens and passengers were taken off, leaving them to take care of themselves. The sentinels at the outskirts of town were withdrawn, and we fell into line and moved off to the south, perhans 10 miles, and camped for the night at a large plan-

The next day we rested, waiting for Co. B, moving 10 miles to westward. Danger was gathering around us, and Co. B was given up for lost. It was thought best to delay no longer, so we

PUSH FORWARD already mentioned.

The task was herculean, the number | . It was nearly daylight when we reach-

Col. Prince then hallooed to the ferryeasterly direction they approached the man, whom he gave to understand that town of Enterprise. The rebel guard a party in pursuit of conscripts for the Southern army were in a hurry to cross. The boat was brought over, and we were told to pass ourselves as Alabama cayalry. The ruse succeeded.

> I crossed on the first boatload. Only 24 could cross at one time, and the proprietor of the ferry invited me to breakfast. He told how much he had already done for the Confederacy. He would be glad to feed the entire command, but it was impossible. He would provide for the officers. He set his cooks at work, and the boys were ready when the corn dodgers were baked to keep them from getting cold. To keep up the appearance of protecting him, a guard was placed over his stables and his doctor's office. He had some whisky there, and if the soldiers should take it, he could not replace it. When the guard was taken off his horses were taken off, too, and, I minder. fear, his whisky. As he had been so

HELPING THE SOUTHERN CAUSE, our rear to keep back a small force that we thought it nothing more than fair that he should contribute to the Union

Tired and sleepy from riding all night, prisoners. They supposed all the Yan- I lay down for a nap while the command kees had passed. Our abandoned com- were crossing. When I awoke I was pany were obliged to swim the streams alone; not a soul was to be seen. My One night, just as we were crossing a and pawing to be released. My blankets, long bridge, a courier came up with his rubber and woolen, with which I was horse in a lather, requesting us not to protected, were stolen from off me while

had returned all right. They had capt- country. Why had not my companions ured the company that had been hanging awakened me? Chagrined, half mad upon our rear. Had we destroyed this and considerably scared, I was not long occupy it to-morrow night." in mounting my horse, which needed no spurs-seemed to bring out his best speed in overtaking the column. I don't fancy being rear-guard all by myself. You cannot form a good skirmish-line in case of attack, neither can you retreat by al-

Had the enemy by any means learned ward all night to secure the crossing over how valiant was the rear-guard? Not one of them appeared to molest. I know not what time it was when I awoke; but the command had arrived in Hazelhurst before I overtook the column.

On my way I heard heavy cannonading in front of me, which did not in the least tend to quiet my nerves. But I learned on reaching the station that it was the explosion of bombshells in a burning car, with which our men were celebrating the capture of Hazelhurst.

The 2d battalion learning the time at which the train was due at this place, had was going through this little independent | hastily left the ferry in hopes of capturing it, as at Newtown Station; but fire department, attached to Hook and Ladder although it was well planned, the train | Co., No. 4.: was half an hour late. Believing the railroad officials had become alarmed and kept back the train, the boys began to come out from their hiding, and the engineer, seeing a dozen bluecoats or more, reversed steam and escaped with

We regretted it very much, as it was said afterward that eight millions of Confederate dollars were on board to supply the Confederate army in the Trans-Mississippi Department. Our command was directions came puffing in. The first, a pretty well supplied with Confederate erable amount of money, had been mostly with bridge timber, or something taken prisoner, and invited to deposit his of the kind. The other was a passenger collections with us. We used it to pay our campaign expenses.

He Solved the Mystery of the Old Manor House in Witches' Walk.

Blythehurst's busy tongues wagged an excited buzz of comments when it became known for a fact that the old manor house in Witches' Walk was taken.

tion for being haunted. The fact is, the old manor house had been the scene of a tragedy, in itself rather pa-

thetic than horrible.

A fair girl had been stricken by lightning on her wedding eve. The stone had gathered so much moss as it rolled that the manor house in Witches' Walk now boasted a ghost in the likeness of the dead maiden, with magnified horrors of a kindred na-But the new tenants were not disturbed

reached their ears unasked. The new family consisted of Mr. Arthur do not know how to chop. Tired of Whitting, a humorous writer and something ter, Miss Florimel, who kept house for her

dreamy and unpractical brother. That same determined lady was also in each morning, deaf to his meek entreaties that he might be allowed to "finish that chapter first." And it was during one of these strolls

fact that his manor house was "haunted" by the following little occurrence: He passed | pleted the contents of that festive tray. a field and stumbled upon worthy Farmer

the big brim of his sun hat. Mr. Whitting replied that he was. "Never see anything queer yet o' nights?" "Any-I beg your pardon?" faltered Mr.

Whitting, with a puzzled stare. "Why, land alive! man, don't you know the place is ha'nted? has been ever since a young gal-twin, she was, too, the Rector's



A FAINT, DIM PROFILE.

struck dead by lightnin' in the little back room with the vines runnin' all over the winder and the porch under it? No? Well,

And he proceeded to edify the new owner of the manor bouse with a hair-raising chapter of horrors too lengthy to be quoted here. Mr. Arthur Whitting, the humorist, forgot

If the servants should get tainted with this silly superstition (he recollected with a start having seen Stephens cast a nervous glance behind him in the library at dusk and the outer world. last evening), they would be giving notice next, and if there was anything he hated it was having new servants about.

Half an hour later Mr. Whitting, hot with his energetic homeward tramp, although a crisp October breeze was blowing, burst into the kitchen and confronted Stephens. and see you heed it, or I'll make you; do

you hear? No matter what silly babble you may hear from these country gawks, don't believe it-it's nonsense." "About the-the-ghost sir?" faltered Stephens, in a whisper, with a sheepish look

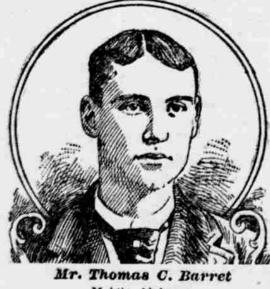
behind at the yawning cellarway. Mr. Whitting laid a forcible hand on the fellow's coat collar by way of a gentle re-

"You blockhead! If I ever see you looking like that again I'll-I'll shake you! an impatient laugh at his folly, "has the You're old enough to know better. No giv- silly tattle of the country turned my brain, ing notice, mind! If you threaten to leave too, I wonder?" I'll lock you up. You can tell your wife the my household demoralized by a lot of idle

While Mr. Whitting was talking Miss Florimel entered the room. "Why, Arthur," she cried, "what has dis-

Arthur deigned not to enlighten her then, horse was neighing for his companions but plunged at once into a vigorous plan of his own for setting his household an ex-

"Florimel, my dear," he said, "I am thinking of changing my sleeping apartment. I shall take the little chamber in the wing-I did not fancy being alone in this the back one on the ground floor, with the porch outside and the vines running all over the window. Be good enough to have the room thrown open and aired to-day. I shall



Mobile, Alabama,

That Tired Feeling Full Strength and Appetite Given by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The following is from Mr. Thomas C. Barrett, of Mobile, Ala., a well known member of the city "C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.;

"I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla as a spring medicine and blood purifier. It is the best blood medicine I have ever used, and for an appetizer it is excellent. I have taken several different kinds of medicine for the blood, but Hood's Sarsaparilla has proved to be the best. I was

Hood's Sarsa-parilla

indigestion and that tired feeling. After taking four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I feel like a new man. I cannot recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla too highly .- THOMAS C. BAR-RETT, Mobile, Alabama,

Hoos's Pills are prompt and efficient, yet easy in action. Sold by all druggists. 250.

Mr. Whitting had rented the manor house as the last occupants left it-furnished, The Rector, its owner, had placed it in the bands of an agent immediately after the sad accident that befell his daughter, and had taken the rest of his family abroad.

It had not occurred to Mr. Whitting that the next night was that deliciously horrible

gala night of the spooks, Hallowe'en. Stephen quaked in his shoes as he lighted his master to the ground floor chamber at 9 o'clock, and the latter turned a disapproving eye on his trembling hands as the spluttering candle they held quivered nervously, and the fellow stared superstitiously into the black gulf beyond the rays of light.

When he was alone he speedily lost himself in his book. The effect he had worked The place had an eerie look and a reputa- for was produced; or rather, would be produced when he stepped forth whole and sound from the "ha'nted" room the next morning, and the news should have gone abroad on Maria's loquacious tongue that the master hadn't "seen anything queer there," or even been disturbed by an unquiet dream.

Mr. Whitting's interest in the chamber, or the subject of which it was the keystone, did not extend beyond the impression he wished to make on his servants in thus sacrificing his comfort to destroy a popular by the faint, far-off, dark whispers that bugaboo. He turned to his work with a sigh of relief, and speedily forgot his sur-So absorbed was he that he did not hear

Miss Whitting's low tap at the door until it was repeated more emphatically, and her voice said through the keyhole; "Arthur, if you have not yet retired, open the door; I have something for you.

When he had obeyed he was confronted by his sister and a dainty tray of smoking pippins, their plump cheeks shriveled to darkest tan, with the white foam of the roasted meat just showing here and there that he was first awakened to the startling on their shining skins. A plate of baked chestnuts and jar of home-brewed ale com-

Mr. Whitting opened his eyes in astonishment. There was but one night in all the "You're from the old manor house, hain't | year when he was wont to indulge in a you?" observed Mayhew, with a curious midnight feast, and that particular night glance of his shrewd gray eyes from under | was observed as religiously by the brother and sister of though it had been the festival of some saint.

"Have you clean forgotten that this is Hallowe'en?" prattled Miss Florimel, cheerily. "Why, Art! what a sleepy head you are growing to be, with your everlasting books and inkpots-in your old age, I was going to say; but 48 is young. I'm 55 myself, and see how I have to exert my faculties for us both!

"You ought to be ashamed-we haven't missed keeping Hallowe'en in at least 45 years-vou haven't, that is. I've kept it ever since I could remember, and-There, now, do close that book, and sit lown and toast your feet by the fire, and drink the ale while it's warm. Goodnight,

Mr. Whitting blew out his candle and pulled the curtains aside to let in the bright But the thick vine-tendrills outside, still loaded down with their luxurious leafage of crimson and freckled gold, barred the way,

so that only a gleam of silvery light struggled through into the inner darkness. There was a suspicious dimness in the glass as seen by the uncertain light, too, twin darter, and powerful pretty! - was which suggested dust the bachelor's pet He drew a long track down the obscured

pane with his forefinger. Yes, the glass was

minutes' time not a single tendril remained is not very strong, may get completely ters. My children were born there, and clinging to the window, through which a rested before continuing her journey. I they had never known any other home. I his pet jokes now. This was no joking flood of fairest moonlight poured, subdued had best let him hear your complaint-he brought my wife there a bride-I buried a little by the thick vail of dust. Suddenly, as he lingered there looking out | now. Miss Frances, will you tell your papa

upon the pleasant landscape, he was con- there is a gentleman here to speak to him, scious of a faint, dim profile between himself | please?'

of a shape still remained, like a thought He snatched his flannel pen-wiper off the desk and hastily rubbed it over the dusty | upon the distant hills.

glass, that he might see more clearly. Then "Here, you! listen to what I tell you, now, he quickly threw up the sash, and stepped out onto the little porch beneath. He could have sworn that some one-a

turned toward him, stiff and immovable as difference, was the very picture that had a creature turned to stone. He stepped off the low porch and moved softly round to the rear of the house. But only the cool night wind sighing a lonely

lullaby to the crisped leaves was there. Not a moving thing in sight. "Pshaw!" he muttered to himself, with

But soon that unpleasant consciousness of same thing from me. I'm not going to have a mysterious presence intruded on the would-be sleeper again, this time strongly. With a low exclamation of disgust at himself and everything in general, he raised

himself upon his elbow and looked toward the window, with difficulty restraining a positive start as he did so, for, clearer than before, it appeared again—a distinct face and figure, apparently standing just outside the window pane, in a position sidewise to him. Mr. Whitting could not have described it, so unreal was the experience, even while

its spell was on. He leaned a little forward to see the eyes. Were they open? Only on the faces of sleeping children was that expression of

words swept over Mr. Whitting. We have demonstrated that he was not a superstitious man; yet he actually shuddered, much to his disgust. The next moment he had thrown the

feeling off and bounded to the window, with his dressing-gown on his shoulders, confident that, in his own words, "Some one of those fool idiots was playing a confounded Hal- unbecoming emphasis to the deep sunlowe'en joke on him because he had shown burn he had lately acquired, owing to his contempt of their silly ghost rubbish." Florimel's whim of making The fact that the figure had mysteriously disappeared by the time he had reached the sash and thrown it up only strengthened this conviction and stirred up Mr. Whitting's latent ire, as he closed the window again and crept shiveringly back to bed; but not to lie down and slumber. One backward glance at the window didn't get cold, and that you enjoyed it

showed him the still figure in its place again, distinct as ever. "I'll see how long this thing will last, quoth Mr. Whitting, grimly, to himself.

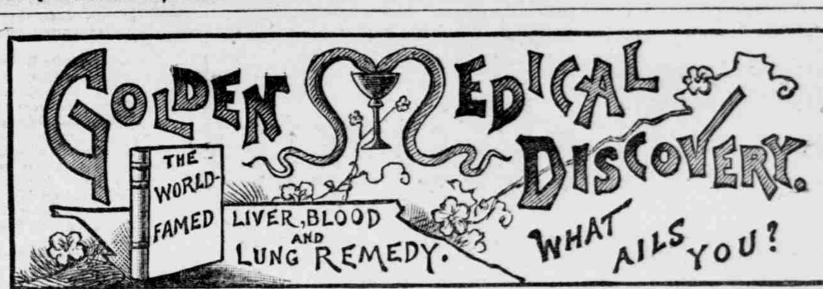
If she can stand it out there in the cold, with a thin frock on, surely so can I stand t in here. We'll see who gives up first." Fixing himself comfortably, Mr. Whitting glued his wideawake eyes upon the serene profile and waited. Yet through the slow hours of the night that sphinx never moved.

The cheerful voice of a distant chanticleer ushered in the gray dawn; Luna's sickly pallor mingled with it, dissolved into it, yielded itself up to annihilation, and it

For a brief half-hour Mr. Whitting ence. yielded to tired nature's demands and dozed. When he awoke the first soft rays your manor tenant-comes here with a of the rising sun were streaming in. The strange complaint. He says-he dares to mysterious profile at the window was gone. Miss Florimel laughed cheerfully when last nigh as a ghost, or something," he related his experience, and declared "it was the nuts and ale, and things." They hasty. You forget the "- and the white had disturbed her own digestion, she ad- haired old Rector drew his daughter to his mitted, but had not carried her the length | side and murmured something.

against annoyance of this species. He de- place to one of pensive sadness, as when cided, against Florimel's discreet counsel, to one recalls some tender memory inseparacomplain to the agent, to protest, and other- | ble from sorrow.

wise vent his indignation. The agent heard his story in silence.



both flesh and strength.

ness or bloating after eating, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, frequent headaches, "floating specks" before eyes, nervous prostration and drowsiness after meals ?

If you have any considerable number of these symptoms you are suffering from Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease the greater the number of symptoms.

No matter what stage it has reached Dr.

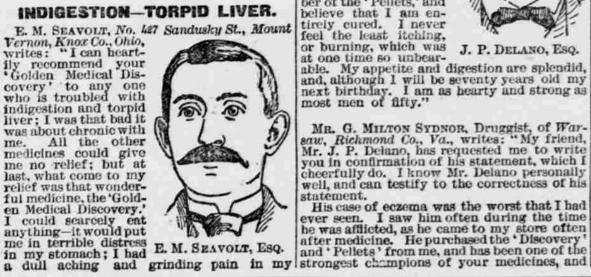
Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will

If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to diseases caused by bad blood are conquered. The nutritive properties of extract of malt or other grave maladies are quite liable to

suffered so long that I was a wreck; life was rendered undestrable and it seemed death was near; but I came

life is worth living now. your preparations. A thousand thanks for I have taken five bot-

Vernon, Knox Co., Ohio, writes: "I can heartily recommend your Golden Medical Discovery' to any one who is troubled with indigestion and torpid liver; I was that bad it was about chronic with me. All the other medicines could give me no relief; but at last, what come to my relief was that wonderful medicine, the 'Golden Medical Discovery. I could searcely eat anything-it would put



DYSPEPSIA. | stomach with pain in my right side and back, thus aided me very much in their sale. I am and headache, bad taste in my mouth; at night quite sure that he has been the means of my Northumberland. I was feverish and the soles of my feet burned. | selling several dozens of that preparation." Northumberland Co., I took four bottles of the 'Discovery' and Pa., writes: "I was a two vials of the 'Pellets.' I am well and

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

ECZEMA.

JOSEPH P. DELANO, Esq., of Warsaw, Rich-nond, Co., Va., writes: "About five years ago in contact with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pellets.' I took twelve bottles of 'Discovery,' and several bottles of the 'Pellets,' and followed the hygienic advice of Dr. Pierce, and I am happy to say it was indeed a cure, for life is worth living now.

JOSEPH P. DELANO, Es mond, Co., Va., writes: "I was taken with a discoloration of the skin on my legs and arms, which in a short time terminated in the most aggravated eczema. My sufferings were intense, and no relief did I experience, until I commenced the use of your preparations. your treatment, I en-close my photo." tles of the "Golden Medical Discovery,' and more than that number of the 'Pellets,' and believe that I am en-

> or burning, which was J. P. DELANO, Esq. at one time so unbearable. My appetite and digestion are splendid, next birthday. I am as hearty and strong as most men of fifty."

cheerfully do. I know Mr. Delano personally tory Organs, mailed on receipt of six well, and can testify to the correctness of his cents (stamps) for postage. His case of eczema was the worst that I had ever seen. I saw him often during the time he was afflicted, as he came to my store often after medicine. He purchased the 'Discovery' and 'Pellets' from me, and has been one of the

Are You Sick?

cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidness or bloating after eating, tongue coated, news, and other excretory organs, cleansing.

cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidness and Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, news, and other excretory organs, cleansing.

White Swellings, Goitre, or Thick Neck, and White Swellings, Goitre, or Thick Neck, and White Swellings. strengthening, and healing their diseases. As and Enlarged Glands. an appetizing restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up

CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures Con-Incroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery and good Severe Coughs, Asthma, and bindred of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and bindred of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and bindred of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying invigorating and nutritive properties. GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures all tions, it is a sovereign remedy. While it humors, from a common Blotch or Eruption, promptly cures the severest Coughs it

or other grave maladies are quite hable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOV-DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOV-DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN PIERCE'S GOLDEN PIERCE'S PIERC

great sufferer from dyspepsia, and I had thanks to your 'Discovery.''

CATARRH OF TWENTY YEARS'

CATARRH OF TWENTY YEARS'

John Weaver, of West Carrollton, Montabout twenty years' standing; my left nos-tril closed, I could not reathe through it; ad a constant pain above my left eye night and day. I commenced using Sage's Catarrh Remedy at the same time using the Golden Medical Discovery'; I used one package and one bottle of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and I found great relief; after using the second thought all was ht, but I began to feel the effects of it again, so I got the J. WEAVER, Esq. third and fourth packages, and I am satisfied

I am rid of it. Since I commenced using your medicines, I have taken six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery." A Treatise on either Dyspepsia and MR. G. MILTON SYDNOR, Druggist, of War-saw, Richmond Co., Va., writes: "My friend, Mr. J. P. Delano, has requested me to write you in confirmation of his statement, which I

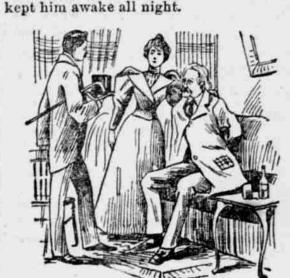
> Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association.

No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Last week," he said briefly, "the owner room in the back wing, do you not? But I wear boots are hardly ever bitten. This is of the manor, the Rector, returned from know you do, else you had not been anabroad. He is on his way to visit friends | noyed. He threw up the sash, and, penknife in in Boston, and has stopped with us for a band, began the work of destruction. In 10 few days in order that his daughter, who house with my wife and my twin daugh- to get out of the way. will explain. Ah! there is Miss Benton

A young woman had come languidly out He rubbed his eyes and looked again in- upon the porch from an adjoining aparttently. It was gone-no, the faintest shadow | ment. She had carelessly taken up her | ever, that he would surely be back in time station in front of the latter, standing with | for the 30th, which had been the original profile turned toward them, her hands date set for the wedding, so that no change clasped in front of her, and her gaze fixed need be made on the cards.

Whitting was so startled that he felt himwoman-had stood there, with her profile | self growing pale. For this, with a ghostly | strength for the morrow.



IT WOULD BE ALMOST SACRILEGE. Ke was in no mind to be trifled with now, and, by Jove, if this pale-faced maid with the white hair and insipid face thought to play upon his superstition by prowling about her old home masquerading as a ghost to frighten the tenants off, utter oblivion to be seen. This was not the she would pay for her prank-he would face of a child, but that of a young maiden. | tell her father! he would-he would sue A feeling that he could not have put in | the agent! he would move! He wouldwould-

"Please, will you step into the other room! Papa is not feeling well this morning, and is lying down," said a timid voice The agent had vanished. Whitting was alone, looking silly enough, doubtless, with the flush and frown of anger adding their

miles in the air every morning after break-"Ah!" he murmured, sarcastically, on the impulse of the moment, "this is the young lady. I presume, who had such a vast amount of fun at my expense by haunting

my window at Hallowe'en. I trust you

more than I did." "I!" she faltered, making a little gesture with her hand-a gesture of scorn and hurt dignity. "I haunt your window, man! I!' The scorn expressed in that soft, contemptuous tone of slow disdain would have cut a less sensitive man to the quick : especially her way of saying "man!" Ere he had time to rally from the attack

a deep voice called from the other room :

"Frances, my love!" "Coming, papa!" Miss Benton deigned to turn her flashing eyes-heaven knows there was no lack now of expression in the angry face she turned upon him-in his direction, as she imperi-

"Papa," she began at once, "this mansay-that I masqueraded before his window "My daughter, my daughter, do not be

ously waved him into her father's pres-

of seeing ghosts.

Mr. Whitting was not convinced. It was the agent's business to protect his tenants stantly faded from the girl's face, giving

"Sir." said the old Rector, courteously, " you sleep in the little ground-floor bed-

her there. married, when quite unexpectedly he was of an accident where he is concerned. summoned to Europe to attend the dying bed of a relative. He cabled home, how-

"As she was in somewhat delicate health, Still as a statue the girl stood until the | being at all times constitutionally fragile, agent's voice aroused her from her apparent | she retired early to her chamber that evenlethargy. The likeness was complete! ing-the small back one on the ground floor-in order that she might gather fresh

> "There came up that night one of those sudden, violent thunder storms so common here in the Summer-time. As she stood dreamily beside her little window, looking out through the pane at the grandeur of the storm—the crashing branches and bend-ing trees—a fearful flash of vivid lightning suddenly enveloped the whole world in blinding brightness, flaring full upon her face and figure, and, by some curious freak, photographing both indeliby on the glass! But my child uttered one piercing shriek and fell to the floor-dead.'

"But why was the pane of glass never removed? That would be a very easy mode of getting rid of this annoyance to your future tenants who may not know the story, but many object-may even be frightened off by it if they be of a superstitious turn." "Because my poor wife pleaded that the wonderful picture of our child painted upon the glass by the hand of God, as it were, might never be destroyed or removed. 'It would be almost sacrilege to touch it,' she

"The strangest part of it is, the face of my daughter cannot be seen from the outside of the window by broad daylight, or at close quarters, except vaguely." A month later the manor house received another family into its capacious recess-

said. 'Let it always stay. Promise!'

the old Rector and his child came home to But Mr. Whitting did not move, for shortly thereafter the two families became one. And the beautiful face in the glass still looks out at twilight upon the pleasant hills, while its counterpart in the flesh smiles at Whitting across the cozy tea table

in another room. - Waverly Magazine. Twenty Thousand Deaths a Year.

[McClure's Magazine Altogether about 20,000 persons die each year in India from the bites of the various snakes I have mentioned, and it is no exaggeration to say that some 60 of Queen Victoria's subjects, who were alive and well yesterday, are to-day being burnt or buried out here as a sequal to these accidents. The same will happen to-morrow and the next day; and at least one death from similar causes may be expected to occur every half hour between now and the time that my readers peruse what I have written. Mortality of this magnitude is a terrible thing, though the fact must be remembered that it is distributed among a population four times as large as that of the United States, and thus passes to a great extent unnoticed.

The casualties are confined almost entirely to the poorer and more ignorant natives, who habitually go about with bare feet. For, although creatures like the hamadryas and the echis are occasionally spoiling for a fight, as a general rule a snake is no more anxious to be trodden upon than a man is to tread upon it. The consequence is that people who



not so much because of the protection of the leather as on account of the noise made by a boot upon the ground, which warns the snake

The ordinary native in bare feet makes bardly any sound whatever as he walks along, and is consequently very liable to surprise a snake in the path. The white man, on the "One of our daughters gave her heart to other hand, in a good pair of creaky boots, a worthy man, and they were shortly to be is so safe that it is most exceptional to hear

Willing to Oblige.

[New York Press.] Levelhead-Yes, sir; since I gave up drinking I have put quite a snug little sum into

fellow, you might accommodate me with 10 for a short time. Levelhead-Certainly, my boy. I will go right up to the bank now and give them notice that I want to draw out 10-you

Strapped-Is that so? Perhaps, then, old

Strapped-Well, never mind, old fellow, Perhaps I shall manage to get along.

know we have to give 60 days' notice



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